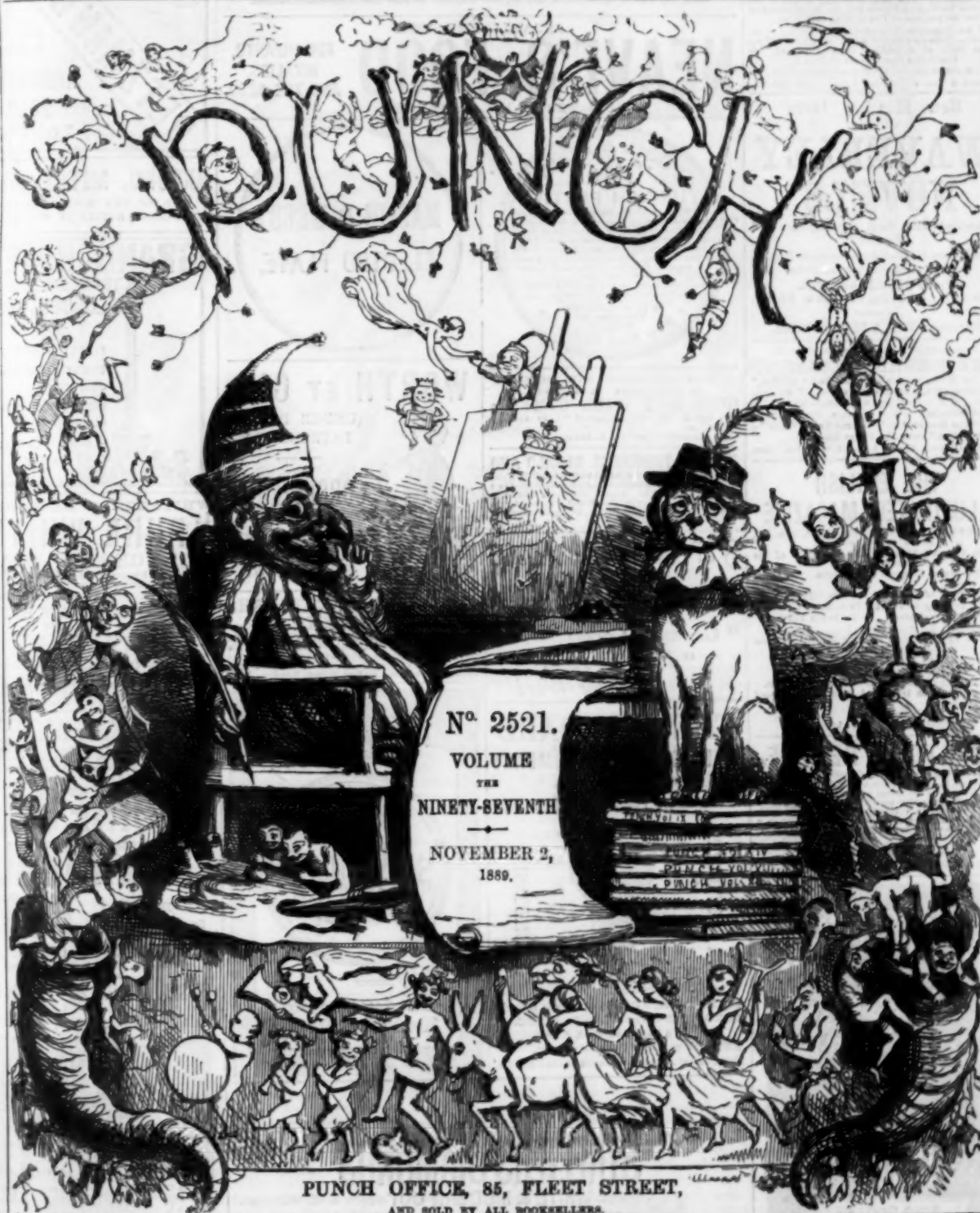


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QUANTUM SUFF.

Brown (just returned from a trial ride on his new Mare). "TAKE THE BRUTE AWAY! TAKE HER TO THE STATION! PUT HER ON THE FIRST TRAIN. DON'T ASK WHERE IT'S GOING TO. NEVER LET ME SEE HER AGAIN!"

LARGE FORTUNES FOR EVERYBODY.

MR. PUNCH, SIR.—You have on several occasions allowed me to ventilate the domestic or financial difficulties by which I have occasionally found myself surrounded; so I again venture to ask you to permit me, for the sake of all impecunious gentlemen, to state my present difficulty, which I think I may fairly designate "*Un embarras des richesses*," not exactly in possession, but most certainly in prospect. I have already stated that, thanks to the discriminating liberality of a distant relation, I am the happy possessor of a sum of £20,000, invested in Her Majesty's Consols. Until the great financial authority, Mr. JOKEM GOSCHEN, so unexpectedly deprived me of one-twelfth of the income I derived from my little fortune, I was well able to accomplish what so many find the very difficult task of making both ends meet. The many blessings that must be quarterly showered upon that great Financier's head by the many thousands of people who share my disgust at his proceedings, and which I am informed by my Stockbroker ROBINSON is to be repeated in a few years' time, I do not envy him. But to proceed.

Finding it most desirable to increase my income, I have applied to ROBINSON, who is, I believe, what is called an Outsider, and who, I am happy to say, informs me that it is the easiest and simplest thing in the world. I am at once to sell out my old-fashioned and shrinking Consols, and to invest the proceeds under his directions. He brought me about a dozen Prospectuses of new Companies, the most modest of which promises a dividend of at least 10 per cent., and some as much as 30. One of them, I see, has purchased something like half a million acres of land, all surrounded with gold mines, in such well-known places as Poteshofabroom, Shoutstan-burger, and Pinaforenstine; another, so far as I can understand the Prospectus, has purchased a mine in the Planet Uranus, whence any quantity of the metal called Uranium can be obtained, and sold for £5,000 per ton; but, from what I have since learned, I think I must have made some mistake as to the locality, as it is now stated to be in Cornwall, which is of course very much nearer. This is to pay 30 per cent. Then I have another fortune offered to me in the shape of a Company for purchasing any number of Coffee Shops and Eating Houses; but this only offers 25 per cent., so Uranus "takes the cake," as ROBINSON says. Then there is a Company for buying

up dozens of American Warehouses, which appear to have been used for the purpose of elevating the price of corn; thence called Elevators; and the shareholders in this little affair, with its quarter of a million of capital, are expected to be satisfied with a poor 15 per cent.

I had been spending many weary hours over these several glowing offers, and had arrived at the conclusion that by selling out my Consols and distributing the proceeds fairly among these four Companies I should at once raise my income from a paltry 2½ per cent. on my £20,000 to something like 22½ per cent., an increase of nearly tenfold its present amount!

Full of this grand idea I had commenced filling up my various applications when ROBINSON looked in. He was unfortunately in a great hurry, as it was, he said, Account Day, whatever that may mean, but his advice to me was couched in some such mysterious language as this:—

"Distribute your capital over a larger number of Companies. Buy nothing. Apply for shares and then sell them at a large profit for the account." (He forgot to say whose account.) "Then take the Contango or the Backwardation, whichever it may be, and apply to the Bank of England to carry them forward to the next account at Bank Rate. Then repeat the operation as before, and, as the account is fortnightly, you will possibly double your capital in twelve months. Continue this splendid game until you are quite satisfied—and then stop for ever!"

The amount of time I have devoted to endeavouring in vain to comprehend these puzzling phrases none will ever know. I search in vain in *Johnson*, and *Nuttall*, and *Chambers*, for the meaning of a Contango. I bore my friends for an answer to my repeated question, "What is a Backwardation?" One frivolous fellow boldly asserted that Backwardation was the thief of time, and recommended me to collar him! And when I seriously asked a rather solemn friend of mine what was the Bank Rate at which they would carry my shares to wherever they were destined to go, he replied Five, which, presuming he meant five miles an hour, I take the liberty of doubting, not thinking it could be done at the pace in that busy neighbourhood. If any specially clever fellow among your tens of thousands of readers can kindly assist me with a solution of my conundrums, I should feel deeply obliged to him—the more so as ROBINSON has left rather hurriedly for Paris. JOSEPH GREENHORN.

A BIG BATTLE PICTURE!

Sketch of a Grand National Historical Painting, by Sir W. Historicus Artcourt, R.A.



EXTRACT FROM DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

We have it upon a great authority that "It is the habit of Englishmen, when they are satisfied with themselves and with the rest of mankind, to dine." It is the nature of that great and magisterial, if rather flamboyant English artist, Sir W. HISTORICUS ARTCOURT, R.A., when he is "satisfied with himself"—which is often—to paint a big picture, in very unctuous oils, and generally *couleur-de-rose*.

The latest large picture of this Master, presented by him to the National Liberal Club, but exhibited *urbi et orbi* in the present Exhibition, is entitled, "*The Battle of Westminster! Critical Moment!*"

It is decidedly "*un œuvre de longue haleine*," painted on a large

canvas with a full brush, and in the flowing, florid style so characteristic of the artist.

It represents that scene in the great battle referred to when F.M. Commander-in-Chief GLADSTONE, the "Great Leader" of the Liberal Army, is awaiting the psychologic moment for giving the decisive signal, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" Reinforcements, including welcome recruits from such patriotic places as Dundee, Elgin and Nairn, Peterborough, and North Bucks, have come in sight, to the great encouragement of the Liberal Chief, and the equally great disappointment of the leaders of the rival hosts. "Coming," says the Historian of the Epoch, "at the close of a long and hard-fought field, they arrived at a critical moment of this great action, and justified the leader of the Liberal Army in ordering a general advance of his host, and in giving the word, 'Up, Guards,

and at 'em!' The graphic style of the great Historian here quoted from is singularly akin to that—in another medium—of the illustrious HISTORICUS, R.A., as displayed in this imposing picture.

Sir HISTORICUS has seized, for the purposes of his *chef d'œuvre* of historical art, upon the exact moment when the Commander-in-Chief, having murmured to himself, "Night, or LABOUCHERE!" and shut up his umbrella—we mean telescope (mixed historic reminiscences connected with an incident in the career of another great Commander-in-Chief have here a little muddled our critical mind)—having, we say, just shut up his telescope, has reopened that glass in order to take a final survey of the field. He sees the enemy under the leadership of F.M. Lord SALISBURY, and Generals ARTHUR BALFOUR, GOSCHEN, and SMITH, making a gallant but final stand against his own forces. The flower of his troops, the pick of his guards, are lying down behind him, hidden by slightly rising ground, in which somewhat uneasy position they have for some time been awaiting with cramped limbs, but eager hearts, indomitable patience, and invincible resolution, the expected word of command, which welcome signal, the Commander-in-Chief, motioning them with his left hand to keep still, and, in the words of BRER RABBIT, "lay low" yet a little longer, has not yet given, but appears upon the point of uttering.

This Grand Historical Picture will doubtless be the cynosure of all eyes during the Season, and will increase the already high reputation, as a painter of what may perhaps be called "Sensational Historic Scenes," of Sir W. HISTORICUS ARTCOURT, R.A.

LYCEUM PIT.

(To the Crowded-out, and those waiting for their Turn for Admission.)

SCENE FROM NEW PIECE, "VICTORIAN!"
AT THE LYCEUM.



Mr. Henry Irving as Robert Mangle.

Expiring *Pittist*. "Crushed! but unconquered!"

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Manager of the Lyceum Theatre, whose fatherly attitude in relation to the patrons of the Artistic Establishment over which he presides is well known, and who, from beyond the footlights, is ever stretching out loving arms to greet, rather as very dear



"DECEIVERS EVER."

Goldsmith. "WOULD YOU LIKE ANY NAME OR MOTTO ENGRAVED ON IT, SIR?"

Customer (who had chosen an Engagement Ring). "YE—YES—UM—'AUGUSTUS TO IRENE.'
AND—AH—LOO' HERE—DON'T—AH—CUT 'IRENE' VERY DEEP!"

brothers, than as the casual acquaintances of a mere passing evening's entertainment, the audiences who nightly throng his Auditorium, having heard with a chagrin that has moved him profoundly, that that portion of them who visit the Pit experience much difficulty in gaining admission, and have to wait, he has been informed, when not robust, and of sufficient stamina to endure the prolonged struggle, sometimes days before they are able to secure a place, wishes it to be known that, to provide for their necessities, he has secured several houses in the immediate neighbourhood of the Theatre, which he is having with all possible speed thrown into one large and Commodious Establishment, which he hopes, in a few days, to open for their use, as a "Non-Bookers' Family Hotel and Boarding-house." Every modern contrivance and convenience, including billiard-tables, a swimming-bath, a resident dentist, and all other recognised Club comforts, that cannot fail to render it attractive to his patrons, who are waiting their turn for admission to the Pit, have been lavishly provided regardless of cost. Arrangements will be made with families; and, to meet the case of parents bringing their children, an educational prospectus is being prepared, for further particulars concerning which application may be made to the Secretary. A small nominal fee will be charged for stamps and boot-cleaning.

UNTILED; OR THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

IX.

"ARE all scenes sombre in this Titan town?"
 I asked, as noiselessly we flitted down,

My heart oppressed with pity.
 "Nay," smiled my guide. "There is, indeed, no dearth
 Of garish glitter and metallic mirth
 In the night-curtained city."

"You mock," I murmured. "'Tis your métier. I,
 For all these scenes of sordid misery
 And hollow, heartless glitter,
 Have no sardonic smiles, no cynic quips
 Such as so lightly leave your shadowy lips,
 O Spirit keen and bitter!"

"Nay," said the Shade, "I seek but truth—
 like you;
 And if, perchance, I hold a *passé-partout*
 To human hearts and cupboards,
 I scoff not at their hidden skeletons,
 And some I know—a few—of spectral bones
 As bare as—Mother Hubbard's."

It was a wet and murky winter night,
 Yet through the fog and rain we held our
 Unwearied and unwetted. (flight,
 "This style of travelling," I said, "is
 strange,
 Though pleasant. For such privilege to range,
 To what am I indebted?"

"How do you manage it? Can it be true
 That you're a Brother—a Mahatma?"
 "Pooh!"
 Cried he, "don't be a noddy.
 You have been reading Esoteric rot?
 Well, be assured, good friend, that I do not
 Possess an Astral Body."

"'Tis my one secret; pray why should you
 seek
 To fathom it? That intellect is weak
 Which dares not face some mystery.
 With mystery the universe is rife,
 It forms the major part of human life,
 Fills more than half of history."

His crackling mirth appeared infectious.
 "Lo!"
 I laughed, "the faces lit with lambent glow
 Gathered round yonder table.
 It looks like some strange incantation scene,
 Some vision of weird gloom and spectral sheen
 From the wild world of fable."

Grave faces, full of wide-mouthed wonder,
 eyes
 Dilated in hysteric ecstasies,
 White fingers, slender, tremulous;
 Rapt souls in curious raiment, spirits dense,
 Enamoured of the charms of the Intense,
 Of Mystic Muddle emulous.

And two keen vulpine visages, elate
 With power, the strange symposium domi-
 nate.
 "Is it," I cried, "infernal,
 Or merely foolish, all this mummery mad,
 Its Mumbo Jumbo that fat fox-faced cad,
 Wrought amidst shades nocturnal?"

"What is't they do? A deed without a
 name?"
 "Nay," scoffed the Shade, "you misdirect
 your blame.
 Default of terminology
 Is not the modern necromancer's lack;
 In jargon modish Magic, White or Black,
 Beats orthodox theology."



"What do they, this wolf-shepherded tame
 flock
 Of Panurge sheep? Well nothing much to
 shock
 The conscience of Society.
 They add, these callow prophets oiled and
 curled,
 To the uncounted Credos of the world
 One other new variety."

"A sceptic age must multiply its creeds;
 'Tis therefore Neo-Nonsense so succeeds!
 A Paradox? Precisely!
 In paradox the boudoir Pyrrho finds
 The piquant pabulum of muddled minds.
 It flavours fog so nicely!"

"These quidnuncs, under guidance of a
 quack
 Founding a new religion? Earth harks back,
 In spite of civilisation,
 To the brute epoch of the Medicine Man.
 Was any cant-scarred squaw more credulous
 than
 That girl of birth, wealth, station?"

"Mark her tranced awe, as the soft-glosing
 knave,
 With gleaming eye, and accents blandly
 grave,
 Mouths out his mystic platitudes.
 Observe the quaint-robed, fashionable dames
 Hanging upon his maze of nebulous names,
 In half erotic attitudes!"

"Effluxion—esoteric—ministrant,—
 Absorption—Ego,—all the mystic cant,
 And all the misty cackle,
 With which the spiritual Seingalts strive
 Their dupes' credulity to keep alive,
 Their common-sense to shackle."

"That girl has eyes in which there lurks the
 gleam
 Of soul-delirium; her hysteric dream
 May know a woeful waking.
 A sort of pious orgie surfeits now
 Her spirit, in a semi-sensuous slough
 Its morbid thirst she's slaking."

"And what of that blind ecstasy's sure goal?
 Heart-solure, an asylum! She hath soul.
 As for the modish midgets,
 The fashionable fribbles,—they at best
 Aim to give social boredom some new zest.
 Frenzy allays the fidgets."

"This, friend, is Culture's piety. Now look!"
 —I saw a face above a well-thumbed book
 In solemn rapture bending;
 A radiant face that scarce the head-gear
 quaint
 Could spoil; 'twas half coquette, and half
 seemed saint,
 There's charm in that strange blending."

A charm equivocal, obscure. "It won
 The interest of suburban shopdom's son
 In a so subtle manner
 That he, the Cockney masher, blatant, vain,
 Enrolled himself in the enthusiast train
 That bore the flaming banner."

So said the Shadow. "Could you plumb her
 thought,
 With what wild blend of passions were it
 fraught?"

Her life was grey, flat, dreary,
 Till the wild ecstasy of faith inspired
 An eager heart, of sluggish pulses tired,
 Of wan monotony weary."

"And now? One hand her sect's wild
 hymnal clasps,
 The other holds his portrait. Ennui gasps
 For keen excitement ever,
 Whether the thrall of empty boredom be
 Garbed in the low-born zealot's livery,
 Or quaintly clad, and clever."

"The end of the queer cants that Caste
 enjoys?
 Of the coarse orgies of blind zeal and noise
 That move the mob so madly?
 Not so dissimilar, good friend, perchance;
 The Agapemone and the Bacchic Dance
 Both finished rather badly."

(To be continued.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FIVE Months' Fine Weather (SAMPSON Low) suggests a brewery to the mind familiar with Johnsenes. It promises in the climatic department "potential riches beyond the dreams of avarice." Of course it was not in England that Mrs. E. H. CARBUTT found this treasure. She crossed the Atlantic, dashed through Canada to Vancouver, thence by the Western States to Mexico, and home by New Orleans and New York. A capably devised trip, the every-day incidents of which are told in this charmingly got-up volume in a style that makes the journey almost as interesting to the reader as it was to the *voyageurs*. With such opportunities of seeing interesting places in fine weather, we regret to observe that contentment was not universal with the little party. On page 31 it is written of an hotel in Chicago: "The only place where drink is sold is the bar of the hotel. On the whole, EDWARD was rather disappointed." Now why should EDWARD, on making this discovery, have been plunged in melancholy? There are obvious objections to having drink sold all over a well-ordered hotel. EDWARD might, we presume, have had a cocktail specially conveyed to his room. If not, he should have manfully borne up against the trial. The true secret of successful travelling is to make the best of everything, as Mrs. CARBUTT does, with the added gift that she can pleasantly chat about its episodes.

Mr. FARJEON's shillingsworth, *The Blood-White Rose*, can be strongly recommended for the hour before dressing-time for dinner. Ingenious story; quite one of the Skipper Series; you can hop on from point to point deeply interested until you come to the finish. It is dedicated to Mr. J. L. TOOLE, which is quite appropriate, seeing that the story is of a most sensational and melodramatic character. Mr. FARJEON would probably dedicate a light, airy, humorous work to Mr. HENRY IRVING.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER, in *Buttons* (F. V. WHITE & Co.)—(sounds as if he were a page-boy, doesn't it? Doubtless he is a boy of a good many pages)—is by no means "the Winter of our discontent." On the contrary, though the plot is simple, the story is charmingly told. While many of

the characters are but sketches, they are touched with a light hand, and are fresh and lifelike. The whole story is bright, breezy, and healthy. If short, it is undoubtedly sweet, and the best his (or, rather, "her") pen has given us since *Booth's Baby*.

In a well-arranged volume, entitled *How Men Propose* (T. FISHER UNWIN), Miss AGNES STEVENS gives us a collection of various ways of popping the question, according to different authors from DICKENS and THACKERAY downwards. She has not, it appears, consulted any of the poets on the subject. Possibly she holds that when the proposal has been made, and the suitor accepted or rejected, as the case may be, there is but little poetry remaining. This volume cannot fail to be popular, and the compiler, having given us question-popping according to the highest literary authorities, should publish another book detailing the forms of proposal according to actual fact. This would be vastly entertaining! "How Men Really Propose" would be a superb subject for the next autumnal "boom" in the *Daily Telegraph*. Besides it has been whispered—though of course Mr. Punch would be the very last person to believe it—that proposal is not always confined to the sterner sex!

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & CO.

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY.

"There's *Ruy* for you."—*Ophelia on the Gaiety Entertainment.*

THE Gaiety Variety Show, entitled *Ruy Blas* or *The Blasé Roué*, is everything, in the singing and dancing line, by turns,—in this respect resembling a Music-hall show, where all have their "turns,"

—and nothing long; not too long, that is, including the skirts. Miss ELLEN FARRER and Mr. LESLIE enter, and you ascertain from the bill that one appears as *Ruy Blas*, and that the other is impersonating *Don Cesar*; while Mr. DANBY, strongly reminding me of Mr. DALLAS, is supposed to be a burlesque *Don Sallust*. The last-mentioned is a toper, and all his allusions are to drinking more than is good for him; but he has not a monopoly of this humorous jest, as a considerable portion of the entire dialogue seems to be on the subject of liquor. Then Mr. LESLIE observes, that if he takes much more he will be all "razzle-dazzle," or "words to that effect," as *Serjeant Busfuz* observed, in the *Bardell v. Pickwick* trial. Whereupon "razzle-dazzle" apparently suggesting a musical idea,

the three sing a few verses about "razzle-dazzle;" and then execute a dance of inebriates, which, as far as Mr. LESLIE is concerned, is dramatically clever.

After this, Miss MARION HOOD, of the merry green-wood, sole descendant of ROBIN and MARIAN, comes on as a fair-haired, highly-coloured Queen, and sings,—not so freshly as she used some few years ago; but nothing of any importance occurs until the reappearance of Mr. LESLIE and Miss FARRER, and these two, dressed as girls,—in which costume Miss ELLEN FARRER really seems as much at home as if she had worn petticoats all her stage-life,—do another ingenious dance on their slates. If wanting in plot, the entertainment possesses, at all events, a first-rate STOREY, whose eccentric antics with his legs are marvellous. Everything is encoored, more or less. In the Second Act Mr. LESLIE exclaims, "Pshaw!" which immediately reminds him of *La Belle Siffreuse*, Mrs. SHAW, and he then whistles an air, accompanied by the orchestra, nearly as perfectly as Mrs. SHAW could do it herself.

All HERR MEYER LUTZ's music is as pretty and appropriate as usual. He is a past master in the art, and no one can touch him in this particular line. The scenery is excellent, and the *mise-en-scène* effective.

After a pretty Ballet of children, Mr. LESLIE, in answer to the applause, enters from the prompt-side dressed as Madame KATTI LANNEL, and accompanied by some audacious person who dares to impersonate AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS. This is very droll, though I trembled lest DRURIOLANUS should march down on us with his legions, and his "Company Limited," to take summary vengeance. I have forgotten to mention the Salvationist dance by Mr. LESLIE and Miss FARRER, which goes immensely, and is encoored at least twice. I should like General BOOTH to see this, as I question whether the

absurd caricature of the tricks and manners of his followers has any basis in fact. The humour, I suppose, as usual, lies in the incongruity of the association, as was the case years ago with the Dancing Quakers at the Music-Halls.

Perhaps, when Mr. LESLIE comes out of the Gaiety Nursery, and



A sort of "Booth" Performance.

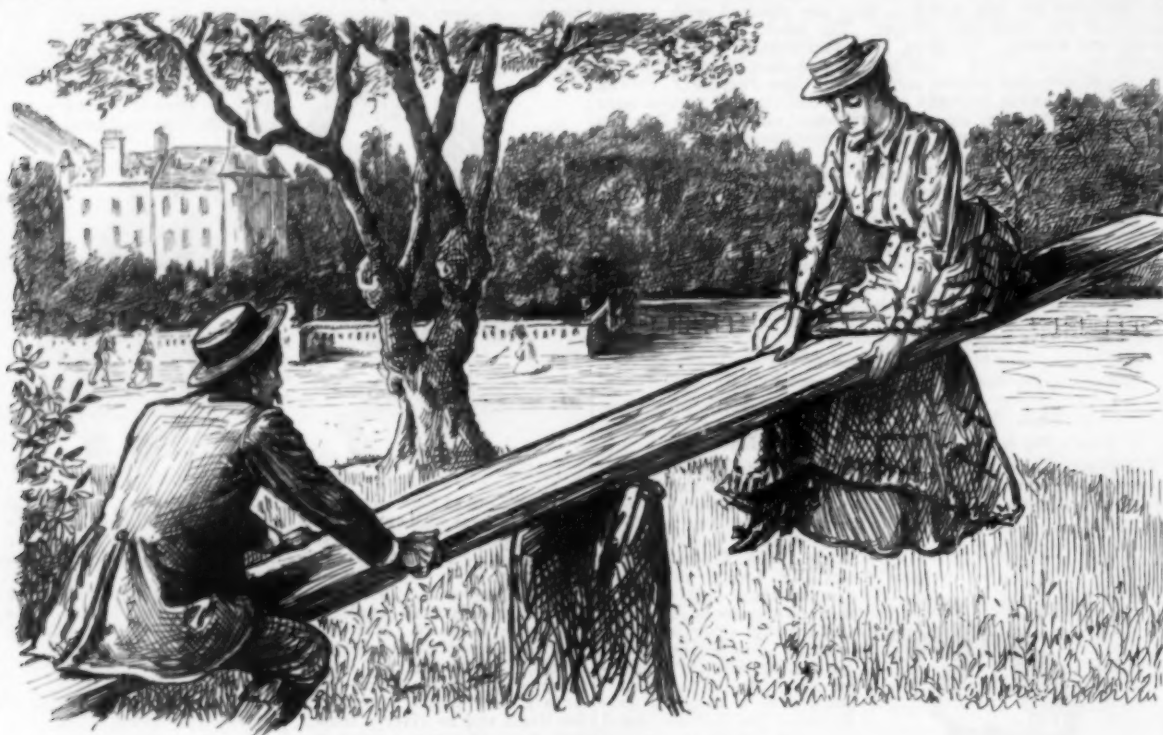
has grown out of "dressing up" and playing at acting, we may yet see him in some such artistic impersonation as was that of *Rip Van Winkle*, played, as one must suppose, by quite another Mr. LESLIE some years ago. Mr. LESLIE and Miss FARRER "draw," but the piece drags.

At the Avenue, *La Prima Donna* is not the work that will make Signor TITO MATTER's reputation as a composer of light opera. The light opera is heavy. If it were not for Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER as the Manager of a travelling troupe, there would not be a spark of fun in the piece. He sings a song which is encoored five times, and he gives a fresh verse for each encore. There is a trifle too much of his repetition as to his being "Such a wonderful Stage Manager," but this isn't the actor's fault. It is true that when a man prides himself on being first-rate at something or other, his conversation is inclined to become monotonous, and perhaps in no instance more so than in that of a professional or amateur actor who believes in himself as a "really marvellous stage manager." I remember the story in *Blackwood* as "The Duke's Dilemma," and I fancy it has already been dramatised. Be this as it may, the materials for a really good Comic Opera, which might have been made as telling as *La Grande Duchesse*, have been entirely thrown away, *Le Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, and all the excellent opportunities—or as H. J. BYRON used to say, the "Opera-tune-it-is," have been utterly lost. Except in a burlesque piece,—and this Opera ought not to be so considered,—what possible humour is there in making characters dressed in mediæval costume speak the slang of the nineteenth century, all the allusions in the dialogue being up to the present date? Mr. ALICE MARSH and Mr. JOSEPH TAPLEY sing what is set down for them well, but they cannot help exhibiting the effects of depression. Miss ALICE LETHBRIDGE looks like KATE VAUGHAN and dances most gracefully. Scenery good: costumes not so good. Better luck to Titotum in his next spin.

"NUTS FOR THEM."—A Grand Hotel Official informed the *Pall Mall* interviewer last Saturday, that the Royal Guests were put "in what we call the Walnut Rooms." What is the speciality of Walnut Rooms? Must the guests eat only walnuts and walnut pickles? Do the attendants let off crackers in their honour? Perhaps the Walnut-Room official expressed himself hazel-y.

MAKING HISTORY.—Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, as we may gather from his recent speeches, is engaged in writing a new History of Ireland and the Colonies. It will probably appear under the nom-de-plume of "JOSEPHUS HEROBOTUS," and will be quite remarkable for its accuracy.





POPPING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WHATEVER GUS HAD TO SAY TO LUCY, HE HAD TO SAY IT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES DEPICTED ABOVE.

[They were both much moved.]

A STRANGE PAIR OF PETS;

Or, Fondling and Feeding.

"By the simplicity of Venus' doves,"
This is indeed a spectacle of the oddest!
Ours is a day of strange-assorted loves,
But that poor dove so soft, and mild, and
modest,
Paired off as pet with you fierce bird of prey,
Is quite the strangest portent of the day.

The proud Imperial Fosseco pouts his lips,
And to his peaceful petting chirps and
chirrup;

He, the stark paladin, with belted hips,
Steel brand at side, and feet fresh from
the stirrups.

Armed Mars, petting the bird of Pax—and
Venus!

'Tis strange as Psyche flirting with Silenus.

The twittering Teuton Titan loves the bird—
He says so, and his preference to question,
Watching his attitude, would seem absurd.
And yet it seems a sinister suggestion
That thus so near the war-fowl Fate should
find him,
Fondling the dove—but with one hand behind

What does he with that hand? Ah! what
but cram
[fodder!]

The ravenous creature's craw with carrion
That set at least's no sentimental sham;
It makes the spectacle a trifle odder.
Himself with the sweet cushat he'd ingratiate,
Yet feeds the eagle's appetite insatiate.

That bird athwart the European skies
Has long time spread his wings in threaten-
ing shadow;

Flies as he feeds, still feeding as he flies.

To gorge him might o'ertax an Eldorado.

Still proffering food! And is there more to
follow.

O Teuton Chief, for that prodigious swallow?

Protector of the Dove? A pleasant plea!

The bird of Jove protect the bird of Venus?

Much as the wolf might a protector be
Of lambs and creatures of such gentle
genus.

If, free to strike, that eagle soared above

The cushat's nest, what chance for the poor
dove?

The snowy-pinioned bird, you say's secure.

For,—you but vaguely indicate how long.

Yes, whilst you pet the flutterer timid, pure,

And stand beside it twittering, yet strong.

But which, young Kaiser, has your love
indeed.

The pet you fondle, or the pet you feed?

THE COMING NINTH.—Why does Sir
HENRY ISAACS walk instead of ride in the
Show of November 9th? Because he con-
scientiously follows in the footsteps of his
ancestors. "Pickwick and Principle!" But
why not "go the whole"—beg pardon!—why
not walk the entire way? If it is against the
Sabbatical rule to take a horse out on that day,
why give the Mayor so much exercise? We've
often heard of "the Jewish Dispensation," but
it appears that there is no such thing, and
Sir HENRY can't be "dispensed" from the
obligation of the Sabbath. That being so,
foot it with the best of them Sir HENRY.
Lead them a pretty dance, and trust entirely
to "Shanks's Mare."

NORTHERLY.

ON the 7th of November the Jubilee Din-
ner of the General Theatrical Fund will take
place with—who do we see is to be in the
Chair? IRVING? Oh, no. TOOLE? WIL-
LARD? Oh, no. BEERBOHM TREE? HENRY
NEVILLE? O dear no. SHERIDAN KNOWLES
was the first Chairman of the Committee of
the R. G. T. F., but he was actor as well as
author, and we fancy that Dramatic Authors,
and some noble Un-dramatic Authors not un-
known to art and literature, have been in the
Chair before now. So, who takes it this time?
Mr. GLADSTONE? Lord SALISBURY? Mr.
CHAMBERLAIN, who presided at the Kendal
Dinner? No—no—no. You'll never guess.
It is Colonel NORTH. What has he written?
Cheques to any amount. Good; and his
wealth, we trust, will benefit this and many
other charitable institutions. But why in the
Chair? Why not simply in a chair at the
Dinner? What next will he be offered? The
Presidency of the Royal Academy? The Arch-
bishopric of Canterbury, or of York as the
Northern Province? By the way, of what Regi-
ment is he Colonel? If not a Colonel of "Ours,"
he is certainly a Commander of "Mines." Still,
why has he been asked to take the Chair at the
Royal General Theatrical Fund Dinner? Will
the title of the Association be altered, out of
compliment to the gallant Millionnaire, and be
known henceforth as the "Royal 'Colonel'
Theatrical Fund?"

NEW "BLUE BOOK."—The *Blue Fairy
Book*, by MERRY ANDREW LANG. N.B.—The
most scrupulous London County Councillors
may read it aloud in their domestic circles.



THE RIVAL PETS; OR, FONDLING AND FEEDING.



THE GREAT THINKING FOR THE FUTURE

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IN MEMORIAM.

Percival Leigh.

BORN, NOVEMBER 3, 1813. DIED, OCTOBER 24, 1889.

LAST link with a dead past, the earlier day
Of LEMON, JERROLD, LEECH and THACKERAY,
Now sundered suddenly!
With what a shock it comes of yearning pain,
The thought that we that presence ne'er again
At the old board may see!

The pen of *Pips's Diary* now is still,
The thoughtful face, the heart of warm goodwill,
Pass, with thy passing bell,
From thy old haunt of friendship lit by fame,
Leaving a memory fair, an honoured name:
PERCIVAL LEIGH, farewell!

COMFORT IN A STORM.

MIGHTY pleasant are the minor Galleries this gruesome weather. Truly delightful is it to run into any of these snug, comfortable little havens, and forget for awhile the muddy streets, the pouring rain, and the dismal atmosphere. Pay a visit to McLEAN's, and see Sir JOHN MILLAIS' delightful little damsels at their *Five o'clock Tea*; enjoy a fresh breeze under the guidance of Mr. J. C. HOOK beside his *Sea-Pools, Arran*; have a good laugh over M. V. CHEVILLIARD's *Critical Moment*; study Mr. EDWIN LONG's *Choosing a Deity*; and do not omit to congratulate Mr. MARCUS STONE on his *Return*. He is the unproverbial STONE that has always kept rolling, and yet must have gathered a lot of moss. You will find plenty to amuse you if you go to Venice in company with Signor STEFANO NUOVO, and inspect his *Naughty Boy*, and you will thoroughly relish the breeziness of *A Fresh Morning off the Isle of Wight* with Mr. HENRY MOORE. After this wandering you will welcome a touching poem, a symphony in a minor key, M. C. DELORT gives you in *The Return of the Exile*; and there are plenty of other clever painters who will cause you to forget for awhile our dismal climate.



FOND BUT FOOLISH.

"LET ME PUT HIS MUZZLE ON FOR YOU, AUNT TABITHA."
"HUSH, DARLING! WE NEVER USE THAT WORD HERE—IT HURTS HIS FEELINGS. WE CALL IT HIS RESPIRATOR!"



"A BOLT FROM THE BLUE."

NO MORE SAFES.

[An Insurance Company has been started for securing compensation to the victims of burglarious enterprise.]

Yes, that curious grating sound just outside the drawing-room window does, as you say, certainly seem as if somebody were trying to break in.

No, I do not intend to adopt your further suggestion that I should take the kitchen-poker and go round the premises with a lantern.

The burglars, who have succeeded in effecting an entrance with conspicuous ease through my patent roller steel shutters, appear to

be a merry crew. I can distinctly hear them cracking jokes and opening champagne bottles in the butler's pantry, preparatory to beginning their real work among the spoons and forks.

I should rather like to join the burglars' little "At Home" in my drawing-room, only in that case the Insurance Company would probably say I was in collusion with the housebreakers, and refuse to pay me my money.

What a pleasure it is to know that there are four dogs in the house—a dog to every burglar, probably! They have not, as yet, uttered a sound of protest.

Perhaps a long course of muzzling has taken away their spirits. Anyhow, the simplest and wisest course for me to adopt is to lock my bed-room door and go off to sleep again.

You may call me a coward, my dear, and ask me "how I can bear to let a thief carry off the silver salver which was a wedding present from dear Mamma?"—but as I am insured for £3,000 in the new "Anti-Burglar Assurance Association," I do not feel in the least degree disposed to enter into a personal encounter with a band of healthy (and probably armed) felons.

Am rather surprised, when I call on the Association to tell them of the loss of all my plate, to be informed that "The Company of course expects the assured to do something to repel a burglar." I ask, if they expected me to run the risk of being shot? Agent replies, "Oh, yes, certainly." This is something like assurance!

It also looks bad for the Agent to come back to the house with me (as he does) and hunt all about the place, apparently with the object of discovering if I have hidden the stolen things anywhere, and am merely inventing the burglar story in order to get the compensation.

It looks still worse (for me) when the Agent really finds all the plate buried in a hole in the back garden! I remark that the burglars must have intended to return for it. Agent winks, and says something about its looking "precious fishy." Am really sorry the burglars have made such fools of themselves, and also of me. Never liked the pattern of that salver, and should have quite enjoyed getting heavy compensation out of the Company.

ASTROLOGY.—Mr. TAY PAY O'CONNOR says he has the firmest faith in his "lucky Star."



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 5.

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXII. MR. W. H. SMITH AT GREENLANDS, HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

As you walk along the gravel-path, under the immemorial elms, towards the baronial residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, you have time to reflect that it is no new thing for Henley to be on

Thames. It has been there from time immemorial, certainly from the days when the Sieur DE SKEETH, founder of the branch of the well-known family of which your host is now the head, received a neighbouring manor from the mailed hand of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. As you stand in the latticed porch, buried in a picturesque tangle of creepers, gazing upon the projecting gables, you still find trace in the leaded casement of the old Norman-French motto of the

early SMERTHS—"Excusez mon gant." Amongst the rare documents your host presently shows you is a faded copy of the local newspaper giving an account of the attempt made by the Sieur to cross the Thames in a coracle. It is the same Thames still, and Henley is on it. But many other things are changed, including the proprietor of Greenlands.

You are examining the umbrellas in the hat-stand of carved oak, and the engravings of knights in armour in the staircase beyond, when a pleasant voice salutes you.

"Good morning," it says; "have you used—I mean, it is very good of you to come out so far. Any news in Town? Any more bye-elections? You know what the MARKISS says on the subject? 'Mr. SMITH,' says he (always calls me 'Mr.'): 'if there are any more of these moral victories for Unionism, there will be only one bye left for us, and that will be good-bye.' Ha! ha! MARKISS has a certain mordant humour which endears him to his friends."

You look up in the direction of the voice, and find your host beaming upon you from the mullioned staircase. You note that his dress is a happy mixture of the modern country gentleman and the Georgian Era; a frock-coat of bright blue, on which brass buttons boldly flash; whilst a flamboyant waistcoat is superarched over a pair of kerseymere trousers tied at the knee with black bows. Steel buckles glint on black shoes; a pair of ruffles lie at the wrists like wreaths of snow; whilst a pin, curiously fashioned, showing CHARLES THE FIRST with his head under his arm, fastens at the throat a lightly-tied kerchief. This pin, which has been in the family many years, has attached to it a curious history, which your host relates, as he sits by the open window at his desk, looking down on a grass-plot some eighty feet square, with a tiny greenhouse in one corner, and a still tinier grotto in the other, whilst far in the rear flows the lordly Thames.

"I have always liked a Grotto," your host says, as he turns over a new leaf in one of the numerous copy-books that fill an entire side of the rosewood and marqueterie book-case that rises from the floor to within an inch or so of the corniced ceiling. "POPE had a Grotto you know, and LABBY lives in it, which, BALFOUR says, accounts for the coolness of his impudence. But BALFOUR is always making remarks tinged with acerbity. For myself, I never forget how in earlier days I used to write out the observation, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

You follow the direction of your host's eyes which, lightly passing over the Flemish buffets tenanted by a collection of Dutch pottery, alight on a picture hung over a bronze bust of Lord BEACONSFIELD. It presents to view a little boy seated at a school desk. You notice that his head is turned on one side as if he had a crick in the neck; the tip of his tongue protrudes from the side of his mouth; his elbow has an agonised turn; the expression of the young face is one of anxious application. Underneath you find, written in flowing hand, "Master W. H. SMITH, *et al.* six. His first copy-book."

Your host sighs as he turns away from this picture, with all its tender recollections of a troubled past. It draws him into a reminiscent mood, and, as you take your seat on the Louis-Quatorze sofa, with its blue edging and imperial gold, and its tassels redolent of the Heptarchy, your host tells you the story of his life, which appears to have been a series of gentle surprises.

"Sometimes, my dear TONY," your host says, "when I find myself sitting on the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons, Leader of the Great Conservative Party, I pinch myself to ascertain if I am really in a state of wakefulness, or whether I am in a condition of somnolency. Once, by the way, I remember, in a fit of absence of mind, I pinched GOSCHEN's leg by mistake, which led to a slight misunderstanding."

You take the opportunity to inquire whether there is any truth in the current rumour that the House of Commons is about to lose the companionship of your host, the House of Lords being the gainer by the transition. Your host gazes reflectively at the book-case within easy reach of his chair, where Sandford and Merton lie *à dos* with Dr. Brewer's *Guide to Science*, and Mangnall's *Questions* turns an interrogative countenance upon Little Henry and his Bearer.

"My only desire in life," says your host, toying with



THE REAL ROUGE-DRAGON; OR, "CHERCHEZ LA FEMME."

the paper-knife, which bears the title of a well-known firm, "is to do my duty—my duty to the QUEEN, and, I may add, to the country. Whether that duty is performed in one chamber or in another, is a matter of perfect indifference to a mind thus isolated in its ambition. I endeavour to do my duty in all circumstances, and when my task is accomplished, I hope to be able to say with TALLEYRAND—*or was it LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH?*—'*Le déluge, c'est moi!*'"

Your host has risen as these words of burning eloquence, capped by the apt quotation, fell from his lips. He paces with leonine stride across the room, his foot falling noiselessly in the three-piled Persian carpet, which you observe does not entirely cover the floor, leaving a border of bare wood, the painful polish of which makes rather abrupt transition. You feel you are not much wiser as to your host's intentions, and would return to the subject, but just then your host's Secretary enters with an armful of letters, and as your host does not resume his seat, you think perhaps you'd better go. Walking to the railway station you call in at a confectioner's, and as you munch the bountiful bun and sip the succulent milk, you brood over man's inhospitality to man, and wonder what they are going to have for luncheon at Greenlands.

THE *Memoirs of Edward Askew Sothorn* are just out. "ASKEW" seems indeed a happy description of Lord Dundreary's very eccentric ways.

"WITH EMILE AUGIER," observed the *Observer*, last Sunday, "who died at Croissy only forty-eight hours ago, the greatest living Dramatist of France has passed away." Does MISTHER O'TRAILL edit it now? Anyhow, 'tis good Irish style, and more power to his elbow!

GRANDOLPH'S REPLY TO THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.

AIR—"In Cellar Deep."



Grandolph refuses to become a Teetotalier.

HERE pottle-deep I sit, and keep
From action compromising.
No, LAWSON mine, I must decline
To join you. Is't surprising?
Your solemn pate you wag and prate
Of what I should be thinking.
Pray leave to me my policy
On Drinking, Drinking, Drink-
ing!

In WILFRID'S smile there may be
guile—
He's skilled in jests deceiving;
And CAINE may be a rod to me,
Tee-to-tally believing.
FARRAR, I fear, holds notions queer,
With Local Option linking
Compulsion's screw. 'Twill hardly
do [Drinking!
'Gainst Drinking, Drinking,
No, come what may, the U. K. A.
(I say it with some sorrow),
I can't agree to back, d'ye see,
To-day, nor yet to-morrow.
Their means, dear boy, I'd not
employ—
They're foolish, to my thinking.
My little game is not the same,
On Drinking, Drinking, Drink-
ing!

NATURAL REFLECTION.

"I find that figures annoy our opponents so much—"
Sir W. F. Harcourt, at the Nat. Lib. Club.



Sir W. F. H. "What can they see to object to in this figure?"

MOST APPROPRIATE.—It is announced that the Christmas Course of Lectures at the London Institution is intended for juveniles, and will be given by C. V. BOYS. If very little chaps are taken there, in front of him he'll see Vee Boys. (OAH! OAH! Police!)

BURST!

Fragment from a Coming War Romance.

"The delay in completing the armaments of those of our battle-ships intended to carry 111-ton, and 57-ton guns, scandalous and inexcusable as it is, is a mere fleasbit compared with the grave doubts that have, from recent experience, been forced upon us, whether the guns, when we get them, will be worth the having."

"If such a number of guns have collapsed after a few rounds, what may we expect with rapid and continued firing in action? He would be a bold man who would guarantee that half our existing guns would escape self-destruction in such a case."

"The ordinary British tax-payer . . . little knows how much occasion he has for anxiety in this one matter of guns. He would be most profoundly anxious if the real facts were disclosed."—Times, Oct. 25.

HER Majesty's good ship *Dunderhead*, with her armament of two 111-ton guns, had figured long on paper as one of the most formidable ships produced by the Department of Naval Construction, and in Annual Reviews and occasional manœuvres had been proudly pointed to as typical of that British supremacy at sea that official optimism maintained was in no danger of being questioned as long as the defence of the national flag was entrusted to such triumphs of dock-yard skill and scientific ordnance construction as was made manifest in her and her sister vessels. So at least ran the story some six years since; but on this, the first day of April, 1895, it had, somehow, a different sound. The country was involved in a great naval war, and Her Majesty's ship *Dunderhead* had had her work cut out for her, attached to the Channel Squadron, from which, however, on the afternoon of this first day of April, 1895, she had managed, owing to some misunderstanding, to stray away.

But on board the *Dunderhead* a curious scene was being enacted. It was known to everyone on the ship, from the look-out-man on the top-royal to the powder-monkey in the hold, that the craft of the enemy were gradually closing round her, advancing slowly but stealthily from every point of the compass, and that her capture, unless she broke through them, or made a good fight of it at close quarters, was an inevitable necessity, yet the Rear-Admiral who had command of her appeared totally unconscious of the critical nature of the situation. At least so judged his superior officers, for as first one and then another rushed in turns pale and trembling into his cabin to announce to him the appearance of some fresh ship of the enemy threatening on the horizon, he only met them with a little imbecile grin and familiar nod, saying, "That's all right," and then, thrusting his hands in his trousers' pockets, and stretching himself back upon his cabin sofa, he relapsed again into the vacant stare through the opposite porthole, from which their entrance had momentarily disturbed him.

The truth is he had just looked into his sealed orders, and they

were not encouraging. They merely contained these words, "You had better not fire your guns!"

"The same old game!" he had remarked to himself, in acid meditation. And he had fallen again into his reverie.

"We must stir him," said a scared First-Lieutenant, in a feeble, whining voice, addressing the trembling crew of superior officers as they gathered instinctively outside his cabin-door. "But how?"

The question was soon answered. "Two fresh cruisers bearing down on the larboard tack," shouted a voice from the deck above, down the cabin-stairs.

A visible tremor ran through the little palpitating crowd.

"We'll tell him that," they all shouted with one voice; and with one accord they thrust open the door and burst wildly into the cabin.

"Well, what is it now?" asked the Rear-Admiral, once more pausing in his reverie.

"Two fresh cruisers coming down to larboard," was the eager but hysterical reply.

"Then make for starboard," answered the Rear-Admiral.

"The enemy already close that," quavered the First-Lieutenant.

The Rear-Admiral made an impatient gesture.

"Then go ahead," he said.

"Useless," was the reply; "they lie across our bows."

"Then turn astern, or anywhere you like," continued their superior.

"Sir, there is no turning anywhere," they responded, with a low wail; "we are surrounded, and must fight for it."

There was a deadly pause.

"By that you mean fire the guns?"

"Ay, ay, Sir, fire the guns, that's our game. Three cheers for the old *Dunderhead*!" and they gave a miserable, quavering hurrah.

The Rear-Admiral surveyed them sadly for a moment. "Very well, Gentlemen," he said, "as you wish; but remember, if anything happens, it was you who were for having recourse to the guns, not I. And now, Boatswain, please man me the dingy!"

Twenty minutes later the Rear-Admiral, unnoticed in the little dingy, had escaped beyond the outer line of the advancing enemy, and was surveying the scene through a powerful binocular.

The hostile fleet had advanced slowly, and at length surrounded the *Dunderhead*, but, terror-struck at its colossal strength, and formidable armament, had not, as yet, had courage to fire a shot.

Presently there was a terrific explosion. The *Dunderhead* was seen to be blown bodily out of the water, and then, with a gigantic splash, to disappear beneath the Channel waves.

"Dear me!" said the Rear-Admiral, shifting his binocular with much interest, "those orders were correct, after all! It seems to be a case of BURST!"

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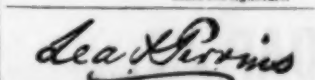


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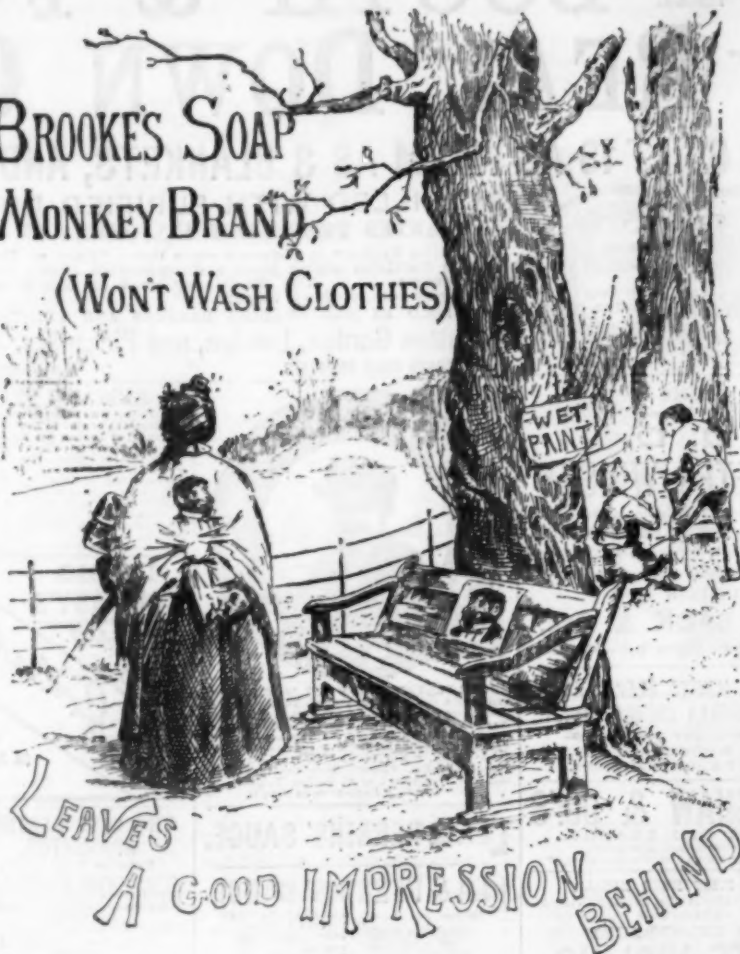
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